

HANOVER, JUNE 14, 1804.

Extracted for the Tablet by HAMET.

"For each man's woe he had a tear."

THE streams of happiness, in this mortal state are limited to narrow bounds; and though for awhile the current glides unmolested, yet too often it is interrupted by accident, or embittered by misfortune. We need not go far in pursuit of objects, "Which misery has marked as her own," within the narrow circle of our acquaintance, we may find those, who are destined to wear out their lives in poverty and distress: who are surrounded by the thick clouds of adversity, which scarce admit a ray of hope, or transient gleam of joy to support their sinking spirits through the dreary path of life. Humanity, alive to the sorrows of the afflicted, calls down the pitying tear, at scenes like these: and though in some instances she be unable to cure,—will attempt at least to soothe the grieving heart. To relieve distress, if in our power is noble. The sensations we feel, after having dried up the tear of affliction, and comforted the heart, throbbing with anguish, are too refined for words to paint. Great will be the reward of those, who thus imitate that blessed Being, "Whose tender mercies are over all his works." Thus was my heart warm with the tenderest feelings of humanity, when, prompted by the delightful season of the year, I began a walk in a neighboring forest: fatigued at last, I sat down under the shade of a venerable oak, whose leafy branches formed a screen from the rays of the sun. Secluded thus in the midst of the grove, my thoughts were confined wholly to myself: I considered myself as a member of society, as called to act an important part on the theatre of life, and was concerting a plan that should enable me to perform with honour and applause. I was lost for awhile in contemplations of the last importance—how long I know not; but was at length roused by the moan of distress, and the sigh of despair. I rose and perceived a person venerable with age, whose hoary locks hung in graceful ringlets over his shoulders, leaning against a tree. His garb bespoke his poverty, and the tear which stood trembling in his eye, declared his distress. I approached him, and longed to say, "Why weepest thou, and why art thou discomfited?"—but my heart was too full, I could not speak. The tear dropped from my eye—it fell from his also—I looked him steadily in the face—another soon came in its stead. "Young man, you pity me (said he) and well you may, though I deserve it not. Great is my distress, and what embitters it more, is, that it is all owing to my extravagance.

Small was my portion, but it was such as with prudent management, could have supported my family.—I wished to appear as well as others, but my circumstances were too inferior—the times were distressing. I was extravagant I say, and my extravagance brought on poverty. I now want the morsel that subdues the cravings of hunger. My wife the companion of my youth, the dear softener of my cares, now lies on the bed of sickness—She will soon be gone—I was endeavouring to reconcile myself to the stroke that shall part us forever"—no not forever (interrupted him)—though death's cold hand unlock her from your side, soon shall you meet again never more to part, in a world where poverty and distress are never known.—"Peace to thee (said he) thou hast poured the balm of consolation into the breast of woe. The glorious idea that we shall meet and be united forever, alleviates my distress—resigns me to it. Peace to thee. Farewell (said he grasping my hand) if ever thou shouldest come into this town again, whilst old Bethune is alive, call and see him, if dead, seek out his grave, drop a tear on the sod, and remember thou wast once his friend.—Thou once raised him from the valley of despair, to the summit of hope."

THE RURAL ASSEMBLY.

ON a summer's day, under the shady influence of a grove of stately oaks and elms which occupied the contiguous parts of a spacious park and pasture, the following serious talk was held by a promiscuous assembly of Beasts and Birds concerning man:

The sportive birds aloft, while regaling themselves, and adjusting their soft attire, in consequence of frequent interruption by the painful panting of the deer, and the dire groaning of beasts which lay in a weary posture on the ground, desired a conference, to ascertain the cause of so much affliction among the residents of a pleasant shade. Though the beasts were rather surprised at the unexpected proposal of their cheerful and elevated neighbours; it was yet, after proper consultation, readily accepted by every quadruped of the grove.

The Ox. We groan, says the antient leader of the herd, because we are tired with hard labour, and must soon be forced by our cruel masters to leave this cool and refreshing retreat. If, like you feathered folks, we could safely reside amid the tops of shady trees, and fly above the reach of man, our sighs and groans would soon be changed into cheerful songs. While you pleasantly soar from tree to tree, and from hill to vale, over the heads of men and beasts, we are chained fast to the plough,

and pushed and goaded along by the most merciless drivers. Six honest days of the week are rarely sufficient for us to be employed in dragging on the most intolerable loads. What think ye of this, pretty birds? Are you willing to change situations? Is there not reason for our deep sighs and groans? Alas! while you are courted by ease, and crowned with delight, we are the subjects of deep affliction and oppression.

The Bird. Your lot and ours, it must be granted, are different. But every one is qualified for his place. You are strong, and we are weak: and while we are obliged to rise early, and fly from place to place, to collect our daily food, in sight of armed, concealed foes, you are carefully furnished and amply supplied by your owners. Is not this a balance in your favour?

The Ox. Our owners provide for us *straw and provender enough*; but with what view, in general, except to accumulate private property, and to increase the most sordid gratification?

The Bird. But let us not go too fast: were not you originally formed to subserve the interest of man? was not this the object of your creation?

The Lamb. We grant that God made all things for the use of man; but we deny that he made any thing for the abuse of man. As all creatures, man not excepted, were made for the honor of God, we should not complain if used for this divine purpose; but when men forget God, and sacrifice us by thousands at the altar of self-indulgence and shameful luxury, we cannot but call for the vengeance of Heaven to fall on their guilty heads. O how many millions of innocent lambs have been driven to the slaughter to pamper gluttons and debauched characters! Their blood cries aloud for recompense. For the wolves of the wilderness are not half so destructive to us as men. The testimony of lambs which have been greedily devoured by riotous eaters of flesh will soon condemn and confound the guilty world. For God will not suffer such wanton abuses to pass with impunity.

The Deer. I have with much attention and sympathy heard the talk of my cousin Lamb, and approve it. For who are more exposed to greedy dogs, and wolfish men, than lambs and fawns? Alas! how often are our feeble race chased to death by those ravenous partners! I wish that singing birds would descend from the tops of trees, and reside on the fultry glebe long enough to learn the hostile nature of man.

The Bird. We are not ignorant of human nature; and have therefore long been in the habit of attempting to fly above the reach of danger. But why shall deer complain? For you are maintained

at great expense, in a spacious and beautiful park, full of trees and every kind of grateful herbage, and have agility to escape the enemy at option.

The Deer. Birds do but dream while chattering in this manner. For we are maintained for the purpose of mere sport and luxury: and our speed, within these narrow confines, is our danger. It is but a motive to yelling dogs and cruel sportsmen to pursue us. If we were at liberty, in the extensive range of nature, which was the native heritage of our feeble and timorous race, agility would be our safety. But what can we effect by flight in this little cage? Here we were born, and here we are confined to make sport for dogs and men in fright and death. How hard the lot of poor, defenceless deer! How base the nature of man! Surely, as we are excluded the privilege of roaming the boundless forest, which is our life, we choose death rather than life. For a short death is better than a lingering one. But tell us, happy birds, do you meet no difficulties in your extensive regions? Are men your friends? do they never ensnare and disturb you?

The Bird. O yes; they not only ensnare us, but even shoot us flying, when other methods of capture fail. We have no peaceful abode: not, however, because we injure men, but because they love the sport of killing us, and telling the number of the dead. Millions of harmless birds have been destroyed because gunners take pleasure in aiming at living marks. The deprivation of life is often the sportsman's object. But shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? For life is capable of enjoyment, and is the gift of God. How can he escape the displeasure of God, who wantonly takes away the life of any of his creatures? The least insect is a lawful proprietor of the world.

The Horse. I have, perhaps, kept silence too long, while this injured assembly have examined the barbarity of man. For neither the beast of Balaam nor any other creature has a more weighty testimony to bring against man than our useful and much abused race of animals. Here I am, a poor, old, lame, decrepid creature. Behold me, ye flying fowls, and ye nimble residents of the park, and all ye members of this afflicted assembly! See my leanings, and count my sinews and bones, which are as visible as the light of day! My life is a burden. But not to the harrow and whip do I attribute this miserable plight, but to the hard and unfeeling heart of man. From my youth up I have been his faithful servant. By night and by day, in cold and heat, through thick and thin, have I served my masters in thick succession. But alas! alas! for my constant faithfulness I have, except when a prancing colt on parade, been rewarded with shameless cruelty and neglect. Surely if I were man my beast should not have

occasion to complain of unkindness; for I would merit his love and gratitude.

The Dove. I am the solitary, mournful bird of the woods. I have during six successive summers been the resident of this shady retreat. Here from year to year I have attempted, with a loving mate, to raise up children to enjoy existence, and fill the grove with grateful cooing. But, with grief be it spoken, no sooner did our harmless young venture from the nest, and begin to leap from limb to limb, than the savage sportsmen terminated their days, and we were left to mourn their untimely fate. While my husband remained, tho' we mutually tasted the cup of affliction in consequence of the loss of children, yet my grief was comparatively light; for his love compelled him to take and carry the burden. But now, alas! he is gone, and our little coal is nearly quenched. For the unfeeling sportsman the other day, not contented with taking a stag from the park, after two hours eager chase, shot my beloved mate, and my all. His loss I mourn, and will faithfully mourn till death. For, destitute of a companion, life itself is a kind of death.

I hope this sympathizing assembly will excuse my plaintive notes and tears. For observing your afflicted posture, and catching a few sentences of your united complaint, I have descended from the elevated branches of the elm, to impart a few words of advice and consolation.

My friends, listen to a poor, solitary dove; and seasonably suppress every tho't of retaliation or depression. For wise and holy ends God has made man the lord of creation: and though he has offended, and though all the animal tribes groan under the burden of his guilt, we must submit. For it is the will of the Creator.—This heavy curse will soon be removed. Light will succeed darkness; good, evil; and pleasure, pain. For the wrath of man shall praise the Lord, and every object and quality shall answer his benevolent purpose.

Thus to the listening, approving throng spoke the mournful, solitary dove.—Profound silence ensued, till she spread her wings and departed in quest of a mate, cooing her flight.

The other birds and beasts attempted to continue the serious business of the assembly, but were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the proprietor of the park at the gate, with a new kennel of hounds, to take a stag for supper.

BIOGRAPHY.

ZOLLIKOFER.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES of the late celebrated German Divine, GEORGE JOACHIM ZOLLIKOFER, author of the Exercises of Piety, and Sermons on the Dignity of Man.

WHEN we take up a book we naturally wish to know something of the au-

thor, who he was, where he lived, and why he wrote. We would ascertain his pretensions to our notice, and whether we may expect any particular benefit, new information, or increased satisfaction from his writings.

Or if the perusal of a volume, by an author unknown to us, has served to instruct and improve us, to make us wiser and better, to elevate our piety and increase our happiness, we feel a real obligation, a sense of becoming gratitude, and are particularly desirous of knowing to whom we are indebted; we have even contracted an affection, a friendship, for our judicious instructor—and friends should be well acquainted. To gratify this laudable curiosity in those who have an inclination to purchase or encourage the above invaluable work, great pains have been taken to collect the following account of the worthy author.

George Joachim Zollikofer, was born at St. Gall, in Switzerland, on the 5th of August, 1730. His father, David Anthony Zollikofer, is still remembered there as an eminent practitioner in the law, and as a pious and upright man. That he omitted nothing in the literary education of his son may well be imagined; it is still more manifest, that by his own virtuous example he became his moral tutor, a tutor to whom posterity is under such infinite obligations through his pupil.

Young Zollikofer, when arrived at the proper age, was put to the gymnasium of his native town; from whence, being intended for the church, he was sent to prosecute his studies, first at Bremen, and afterwards at the university at Utrecht, where the divinity professors are said to have been then in high repute.

Possessing native genius, a clear intellect, and an elevated fancy, with a close attachment to learning, and an ardent ambition to excel, as might be expected, he made great improvements, and became an accomplished scholar. He was well versed in History, Biography, Poetry, and all the branches of Polite Literature. He was fond of these pursuits, for they enlarged his mind, corrected his taste, and refined his native sensibilities. In Natural History and Natural Philosophy, also, he is said to have possessed uncommon knowledge. But Ethics and Divinity were his favorite studies, for they belonged to the profession to which he had devoted all his regards, all his exertions, and all his talents. In this profession he was unrivalled. His compositions, always judicious, correct, and pathetic, were delivered with all the advantages of a fine voice, a graceful figure, and an irresistible eloquence.

His first establishment as a Preacher, which was soon after he had completed his academical course, was in his own country at Murten, in the Pays de Vaud.—Here, however, he remained only a short time, having a call to a more considerable

place at Monstein, in the Grisons. This congregation, likewise, had not the happiness to possess him for a much longer period, he being invited to Isenbourg, as a preacher there. Yet neither was this station the theatre which Providence had determined for his most extensive and permanent usefulness. In the year 1758, at the age of eight and twenty, he was appointed to the office of one of the German Preachers at the reformed church at Liep-sick. This was a conspicuous station, and Mr. Zollikofer filled it with eminent advantage. That he was universally admired and celebrated, is his least praise; his ministerial labours, his instructions, and his example, diffused far around the knowledge and the beauties of holiness; while his most excellent publications will spread, through every country and age, fresh excitements and encouragements to virtue and piety.

Several volumes of his incomparable discourses have been for some years in the hands of the public, and are in high and deserved repute. Not only have they passed through many editions in their original language, but they have been translated into French, Italian, and English, and are continually reprinting.

Honored by the wise, beloved by the good, respected and venerated by all classes;—delighted in by the young, as a candid, kind, and faithful adviser; resorted to by the poor as a bountiful helper and patron; sent for by the sick and afflicted as their best earthly comforter; wholly occupied with religious duties and with humane and pious exercises, he spent an useful and honorable life, and left behind him a reputation unblemished, and a fame immortal. He was twice married. His first wife, named Le Roy, was a lady of great understanding and considerable attainments. He was extremely fond of her, and his congregation witnessed the manly tears he shed upon her grave. His second, of the family of Sechchay, at Liep-sick, was an uncommon blessing to him during the last seven years of his life, and probably the world is indebted to her endearing attentions, that his life and labors were so far prolonged. Both marriages were childless; Providence, doubtless, for some wise purposes unknown to us, not dispensing to the man who had thought and read so much on the nurture and education of youth, and author of several pieces on the subject, the happiness of applying his wife and excellent lessons to practice.

For the space of a year before his death, feeling his faculties considerably on the decline, and thinking himself no longer able to fulfil the duties of his office to his own satisfaction, he formed the resolution to lay it down, and retire to the place of his nativity in Switzerland; but at the united request of his congregation, who assured him that they would willingly con-

tent themselves with a discourse from him every fortnight, he was induced to remain in his station. His health even seemed to improve during the summer, in consequence of his having passed the intervals of his time at the village of Gohiltz, not far from town. But in the following autumn, it too plainly appeared that his recovery was only apparent. He still, however, attended on the duties of his office, though with the utmost difficulty; until, at length, a few weeks before his death, he was obliged to apply for assistance to a candidate for order, who kindly took upon him the charge of preaching. His last illness was extremely painful, yet he bore his sufferings with the patience of a wise man, and the resignation of a christian who looks beyond the grave and corruption, to a world of retribution. On the 22d of January, 1788, he gently sunk into the arms of death, and was interred on the 25th. The whole of his numerous congregation, together with some hundred of students at the University, and numbers of his auditors of the Lutheran communion, attended his body to the grave, with every token of unfeigned sorrow.

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FOR THE TABLET.

Effects of the Lutheran Reformation.

PERUSING the annals of time, we notice periods highly distinguished for the signal events, which they ushered on the view of the world. The philosopher, the statesman and the christian are carefully attentive and feel a peculiar interest in consulting histories of the rise and improvement of that science or art which they deem salutary and important to mankind. The events of the sixteenth century, for their benign and extensive influence, are, perhaps, without a parallel in ages either ancient or modern. It was then, an illumination was lighted, whose brightness has since increased with accelerated progress, is now advancing to the utmost bounds of the inhabited earth, and will completely dissipate the gloom, that so long has lowered on the human world.—It was then, the grand reform obtained, which laid the foundation for the universal emancipation and happiness of man. Previous to this, the world was deluged in a flood of ignorance, error and wretchedness. For the space of ten centuries, darkness had enveloped the christian and civil horizon, and extinguished almost every lamp, that rendered visible the path of duty, advantage or truth. In the breasts of most professing christians, superstition reigned predominant, the manacles of ecclesiastical despotism were fast riveted on the necks of subjects, potentates and nations; the papal throne was exalted to supremacy, the blood of martyrs swam on the altars of persecution, and the religion of the true God was fast obliterating from the minds and knowledge

of men. The sciences of the ancients were entombed in the grave of forgetfulness, no tuneful bard soared on the pinions of the muse, no astronomer measured the circuit of the celestial orbs, no observer of nature investigated her laws, no lover of freedom advocated the rights, which the Parent of creation has vouchsafed to all his intelligent children. Such was the state of the world, so humbled and tarnished was the dignity and glory of man. But in the maximum of darkness a pillar of light broke in conspicuous view and the regions of night were illumined. In Germany, Switzerland and Geneva, luminaries of extraordinary magnitude and unextinguished lustre, rose high, shone brilliant and disseminated beams of genial and vivifying splendor through realms of Europe. The signal of revolt from the despotism of Rome, was founded, thousands encircled the standard of rightful freedom, and swore opposition to a corrupt religion, and to blaspheming and heaven dishonouring powers. The glorious consequences of that memorable event, are of such inestimable importance as render them well worthy of being chosen the theme of a few reflections.

(To be continued.)

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"I TOUCH the hand of the person next me," says Werter, "I feel it is made of wood."—Alas! how often in the commerce of the world does one find this hand of wood! and how often in the courtesies of life!—Offer your hand to Candidus; and he holds out *one* finger. Offer it to Clericus; he perhaps coldly gives you *two*. Prætor gives you his *whole* hand; but it is wood—wood indeed. While Benevolus with his hand at once meets yours.—There is heart and soul in the compression; there is friendship in the very touch!

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SINCE money has become the sign of our wants, and their exchange, every thing must necessarily be sold and purchased.—The general, the officer and the foldier sell their limbs and lives; and what are taxes, excise and duties, but the wages of our governors?—Why then should an author be ashamed to sell his works? Why should it be thought, that fame should be the only salary of a writer? Why should an author be ashamed to sell his discoveries, or to set a price upon his own ideas? And why should a people collectively receive, *gratis*, lessons and advice, for which they must pay a price as individuals?

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I HAVE a friend, who is an ingenious man, a good christian, and a private foldier. I attended him one evening to chapel. The preacher was no Cicero; and I asked him what he thought of his sentences. He replied; "in listening to the truths of religion, I never feel inclined to halt with criticism."

Translation of Horace 4th Ode 1st Book.

TO PHYRRA.

WHAT slender youth, upon a rosy bed,
With sweet perfumes, and odours overspread,
Receives you, Phyrre, in some pleasant place;
Whose fond caresses meet your fond embrace?
For whom, you thus your lovely tresses bind,
With graceful air to wanton in the wind?
For whom, so simple in your richest dress,
Plain and yet decent, gay without excess?
Alas, how often he'll have cause to grieve,
When Gods oppose him, and when you deceive.
Surpris'd with wonder, soon the seas he'll find,
Raging with storms, and ruffled with the wind,
Who now enjoys you as a golden prize,
Too fond to read the falsehood in your eyes;
Believes him only, you would wish to please,
Nor thinks how soon may change th' inconstant breeze.

Oh how unblest'd! who on your beauties gaze,
But do not know, what your false heart betrays.
I, I've experienc'd; and a sacred wall
Declares how haply I escap'd the fall.
My garments here to Neptune I suspend,
Whose been my guardian, and my dearest friend.

O. P.

*The following elegant and impressive lines are from
the Poet TASSILO, who flourished at Naples in
the 16th century, and are translated by Wm.
Roscoe.*

By duty led, ye nuptial fair,
Let the sweet office be your constant care—
With peace and health in humblest station blest,
Give to the smiling babe the fostering breast;
Nor if by prosperous fortune placed on high,
Think aught superior to the dear employ—

And you whose hearts with gentle pity warm,
Pure joys can please and genuine pleasures charm,
Clasp your fair nurslings to your breasts of snow,
And give the sweet salubrious streams to flow,
Let kind affections sway without controul,
And thro' the milk stream pour the feeling soul—
—What tho' th' inveterate crime, the dire disgrace,
From elder times to modern years we trace,
Nor earthly laws its wasteful rage restrain,
Be yours the task to break the wizard chain;
So shall the glorious deed your sex inspire,
All earth applaud you, and all heaven admire.

O happier times, to truth and virtue dear,
Roll swiftly on! O golden days appear!
Of noble birth, when every matron dame,
Shall the high meed of female merit claim;
Then loveliest, when her babe in native charms
Hangs on her breast, or dances in her arms,
Thus late with angel grace along the plain,
Illustrious DEVON led Britannia's train;
And whilst by frigid fashion unrepent,
She to chaste transports opened all her breast,
Joy'd her lov'd babe its playful hands to twine
Round her fair neck, or midst her locks divine,
And from the fount with every grace imbued,
Drank heavenly nectar, not terrestrial food.

—o—o—

TO SUSAN.

AH, Susan! guard thy tender heart
From flattery's soft delusive song,
Nor let the voice of truth depart
Unheeded from an artless tongue.

No tale have I to charm thine ear,
No eloquence, alas! have I;
My tale is but a simple tear,
And all my eloquence—a sigh!

But I've a cottage in the vale,
With quiet and with plenty blest,
Where oft I hear the stranger's tale,
And welcome ev'ry wand'ring guest.

There would I nurse thine aching head,
When old and feeble thou art grown;
And when thy beauty shall have fled,
Would love thee for thy worth alone.

Then Susan, calm this brow of care,
Nor let me thus in sorrow pine;
Believe me, thou wilt never share
A soul so full of love as mine.

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*The following is from a Poem by Joseph Cottle,
called the Malvern hills.*

ALONE, unnoticed, at this early hour,
While all around is silence, I will mount
The Malvern hills. This is a holy day;
And holy I will make it, leave the world,
Its toils, and cares, and commune with myself.

As up I climb, the freshness of the morn
Smells grateful, though no object meets my view.
Thro' the dark mists, which now with coming day
Struggle for mastery, the giant Hill
Casts not a shade. Now back I turn to mark
The winding path, but all is grey and void;
On every side thick clouds; the spacious world
Lives but in memory! whilst forth I roam
A wandering, unlov'd, solitary thing.
Tho' here on this known spot, my fancy starts
At her own shapings—fearful—impotent;
Now rousing up impossibilities;
Pursuing then, through each strange circumstance
The vagrant thought with aptest energy.
Ye idle phantasies! away! away!
I am no unblest solitary man,
Confin'd to one rude spot, whilst round, a scene
Illimitably spreads—bleak desolate—
With not one kindred soul to share my being.
I have ten thousand recollections dear;
This mount, I know it well, and soon shall tread
Its proudest summit, soon with joy behold
Objects that glad the heart unspeakable!

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EXTRACT

From an unfinished Dramatic Manuscript.

BY SELLOCK OSBORN.

I MET, as near the forest skirts I stray'd,
A remnant of a man: wooing the gloom
Of twilight shade, congenial to his soul.
He threw a glance a look of wild reproach,
That seem'd to say, "avaunt! unkind intruder,
These haunts are consecrated to DESPAIR!"
Then turning, sought the bosom of the wood.
I follow'd him, aloof; and oft observ'd
His comely, though emaciated form,
Alternate gliding 'neath the hemlock boughs,
Or slowly climbing o'er the craggy steep.
At length, beneath a huge and shelving rock
He sat him down; his high projecting brow
A hemlock met, whose thick entangled limbs
Flung o'er the ground beneath a sombrous shade—
And near the root, in subterraneous course,
A grumbling streamlet flow'd, whose hollow sound
Rose through the crannies of the broken earth.
"Fit temple of despair!" he said, and then
With eyes that gleam'd a fullen satisfaction,
He view'd the gloomy scene. "Here, haggard fiend,
Thou first, enthron'd, in ghastly majesty—
Here will I raise an altar, and thereon
Lay these weak limbs, a wretched sacrifice!"
Then from his bosom he a phial drew,
And view'd it with a grim hysteric smile—
"Oh! precious draught! (he said)—thou art, to me,
Like a cool fountain to a thirsty pilgrim;
Thy cordial pow'r shall lull the rankling pain
That wrings my tortur'd heart!" Then to his lips
He rais'd, with eager hand, the deadly potion.
"Hold! wretched man!" I cry'd; and rushing
forth,

Seiz'd his rash hand; while with a ghastly stare
He ey'd me as an evil genius, sent
To cross the fondest purpose of his soul.
His cheeks were lean and haggard, and he seem'd
A wreck of man, a monument of woe!

(I saw him once, in happier days, when joy
Beam'd in each feature, and the admiring world
Deny'd him not the early wreath of fame;
But, in a sanguine moment of his youth,
Fell Dissipation led his steps astray;
Then did no friend, with mild solicitude,
Reach out a gentle hand, to stay his course,
Or to restore him to the path of virtue;
Then, lorn and destitute, he keenly felt
The scorn of an uncharitable world;
Whose cool reproach, and frown contemptuous

weigh'd

His spirit down, and drove him to despair!)
I press'd his hand, and with a tender smile
Proffer'd my service—and, while yet I spoke,
I saw a tear roll down his faded cheek,
Which was a stranger there; for scorching grief
Had dry'd, long since, the moisture of his eyes,
And then methought I saw a gleam of hope,
Borne in a languid smile, illumine his face;
A gradual increasing smile, which seem'd
Like the returning of the vernal sun,
Which comes to chase the wintry cloud away,
And bid reviving nature bloom again!

And now, with health and happiness elate,
He lives to virtue and to friendship true;
Oft with the grateful music of his thanks,
He serenades my ear—and blesses oft
The guardian power that led my curious steps
To the intended scene of self destruction.
Now do I feel more pride, in having thus
Restor'd a youth, from misery and vice
To virtue's path—his sorrows sooth'd, and pour'd
The balm of friendship on his wounded heart—
Pluck'd from his breast the canker of despair,
And planted hope's delightful promise there,
Than I should feel to rule the State alone,
Or wade, through bleeding millions, to a throne!

ASTRONOMICAL THOUGHTS.

WHEN Sol withdraws the fervour of his rays,
And Vesper cool her fable pinion spreads;
When starry gems through spangled ether blaze,
And mirth and luxury recline their heads,
Sweet is the task, by optic tube to soar;
Far through the regions of the ambient sky,
New suns, new systems, range there, to explore
And worlds before unnoted to defery.

PLUS, MINUS.

"IF by "Plus, minus," I express
This paradox, that more is less,
No rule of grammar I transgress,
Nor dogmatize at random—
The veriest horn-book scholar knows,
That half round O an hundred shows,
While whole round O for nothing goes;
—Quod erat demonstrandum."

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Lines under MR. MILTON's picture, before
his Paradise Lost.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd;
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third she join'd the former two.

Hanover, N. H.

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